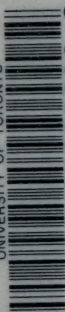


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Hymns of the Higher Pantheism.

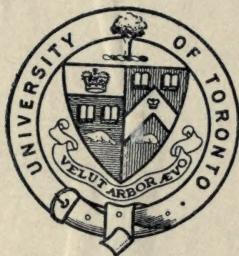
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Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie



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Wisdom of the Ancients Library
Volume Fourth

Guthrie, Kenneth Sylvan, ed.

**HYMNS
to the
UNIVERSAL
DIVINITY**

by KLEANthes,
DERZHAUIN,
Wordsworth, Symonds,
and others.



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1910

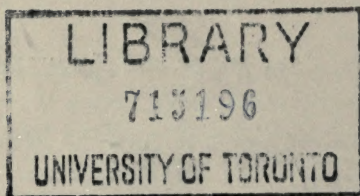
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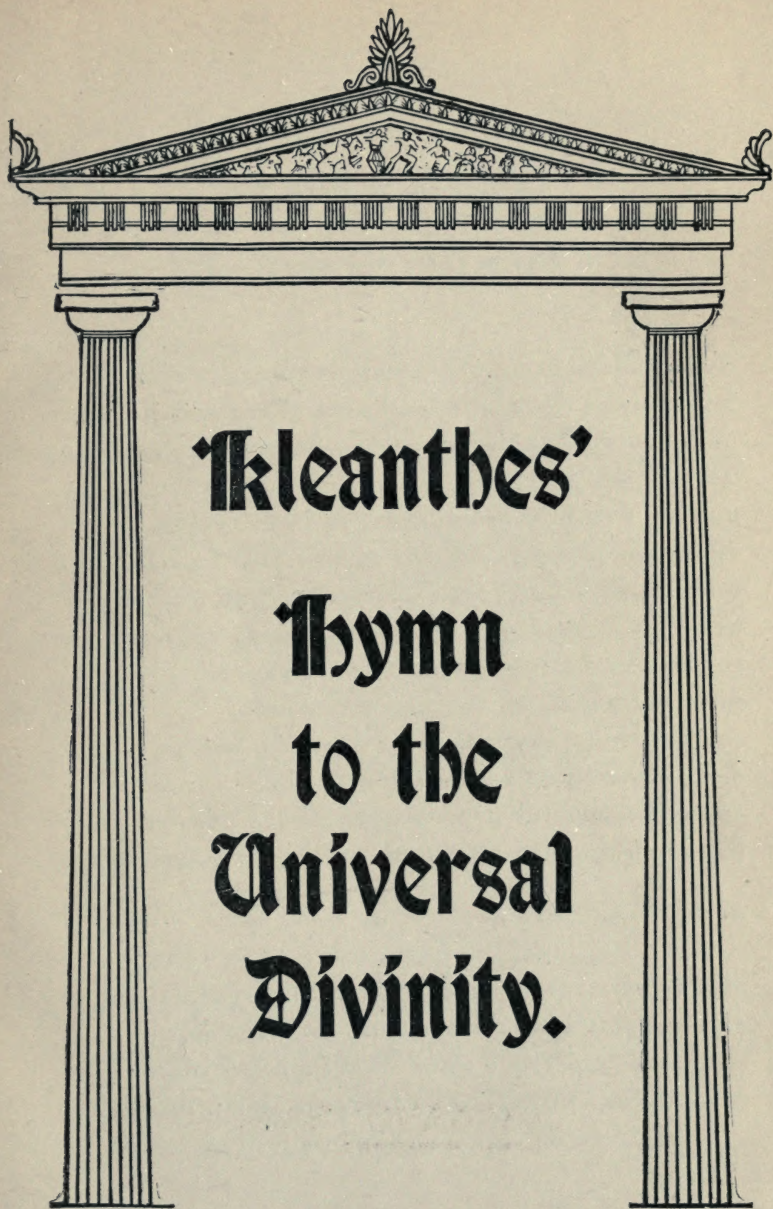
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'Kleanthes'
Hymn
to the
Universal
Divinity.

ΚΛΕΑΝΘΟΥΣ

ΤΜΝΟΣ ΕΙΣ ΔΙΑ.

Κύδιστ' ἀθανάτων, πολυώνυμε, παγκρατὲς αἰεὶ
 Ζεῦ, φύσεως ἀρχηγέ, νόμου μέτα πάντα κυβερνῶν,
 χαῖρε · σέ γὰρ πάντεσσι θέμις θνητοῖσι προσανδᾶν
 ἐκ σοῦ γὰρ γένος ἐσμέν, ἱῆς μίμημα λαχόντες
 μῦνον, ὅσα ζῶει τε καὶ ἔρπει θνήτ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν. 5
 τῷ σε καθυμνήσω, καὶ σὸν κράτος αἰὲν αἰείσω.
 σοὶ δὴ πᾶς ὁδε κόσμος ἐλισσόμενος περὶ γαῖαν
 πείθεται, ἧ κεν ἄγης, καὶ ἐκὼν ὑπὸ σείῳ κρατεῖται.
 τοῖον ἔχεις ὑποεργὸν ἀνικῆτοῖς ἐνὶ χερσὶν
 ἀμφήκη, πυρόεντα, ἀειζώοντα κεραυνόν. 10
 τοῦ γὰρ ὑπὸ πληγῆς φύσεως πάντ' ἐρρίγασιν,
 ᾧ σὺ κατευθύνεις κοινὸν λόγον, ὃς διὰ πάντων
 φοιτᾷ, μιγνύμενος μεγάλοις μικροῖς τε φάεσσιν.
 ὃς τόσσος γεγαῶς ὕπατος βασιλεὺς διὰ παντὸς . .



15

οὐδέ τι γίγνεται ἔργον ἐπὶ χθονὶ σοῦ δίχα, δαῖμον,
 οὔτε κατ' αἰθέριον θείον πόλον, οὔτ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ,
 πλὴν ὅποσα ῥέζουσι κακοὶ σφετέρησιν ἀνοίαις ·
 ἀλλὰ σὺ καὶ τὰ περισσὰ ἐπίστασαι ἄρτια θεῖναι,

CLEANTHES' HYMN TO JOVE.

Translated by James Freeman Clarke.

Greatest of the Gods, God with many names,
God ever-ruling, and ruling all things!
Zeus, origin of Nature, governing the universe by law,
All hail! For it is right for mortals to address thee:
For we are thy offspring, and we alone of all
That live and creep on earth have the power of imitative
speech.
Therefore will I praise thee, and hymn forever thy power.
Thee the wide heaven, which surrounds the earth, obeys
Following where thou wilt, willingly obeys thy law.
Thou holdest at thy service, in thy mighty hands,
The two-edged, flaming, immortal thunderbolt,
Before whose flash all Nature trembles.
Thou rulest in the Common-Reason, which goes through all:
And appears mingled in all things, great or small;
Which, filling all Nature, is king of all existences.

καὶ κοσμεῖς τὰ ἄκοσμα, καὶ οὐ φίλα σοὶ φίλα ἐστίν. 20
 ὧδε γὰρ εἰς ἓν ἅπαντα συνήρמוκας ἐσθλὰ κακοῖσιν,
 ὥσθ' ἓνα γίγνεσθαι πάντων λόγον αἰὲν ἔοντα,
 ὃν φεύγοντες ἑῶσιν, ὅσοι θνητῶν κακοὶ εἰσι,
 δύσμοροι, οἳτ' ἀγαθῶν μὲν αἰὲ κτῆσιν ποθέοντες,
 οὔτ' ἐσορῶσι θεοῦ κοινὸν νόμον, οὔτε κλύουσιν, 25
 ᾧ κεν πειθόμενοι σὺν νῶ βίον ἐσθλὸν ἔχοιεν.
 αὐτοὶ δ' αὖ ὀρμῶσιν ἄνευ καλοῦ ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλα,
 οἱ μὲν ὑπὲρ δόξης σπουδὴν δυσέριστον ἔχοντες,
 οἱ δ' ἐπὶ κερδοσύνας τετραμμένοι οὐδεὶν κόσμῳ,
 ἄλλοι δ' εἰς ἄνεσιν, καὶ σώματος ἡδέα ἔργα, 30
 σπεύδοντες μάλα πάμπαν ἐναντία τῶνδε γενέσθαι.
 ἀλλὰ Ζεῦ πάνδωρε, κελαινεφές, ἀρχικέραυνε,
 ἀνθρώπους ῥύοιο ἀπειροσύνης ἀπὸ λυγρῆς,
 ἣν σὺ, πάτερ, σκέδασον ψυχῆς ἀπο, δὸς δὲ κυρῆσαι
 γνώμης, ἣ πίσυνος σὺ δίκης μέτα πάντα κυβερνᾷς, 35
 ὄφρ' ἂν τιμηθέντες ἀμειβώμεσθά σε τιμῇ,
 ὑμνοῦντες τὰ σὰ ἔργα διηνεκές, ὥς ἐπέοικε
 θνητὸν ἔοντ' · ἐπεὶ οὔτε βροτοῖς γέρας ἄλλο τι μείζον,
 οὔτε θεοῖς, ἣ κοινὸν αἰὲ νόμον ἐν δίκῃ ὑμνεῖν.

Nor, without thee, O Deity, does anything happen in the world,

From the divine ethereal pole to the great ocean.

Except only the evil preferred by the senseless wicked.

But thou also art able to bring to order that which is chaotic,

Giving form to that which is formless, and making the discordant friendly;

So reducing all variety to unity, and even making good out of evil.

Thus, throughout Nature, is one great law

Which only the wicked seek to disobey,—

Poor fools! who long for happiness,

But will not see nor hear the divine commands.

[In frenzy blind they stray away from good,

By thirst of glory tempted, or sordid avarice

Or pleasure sensual, and joys that pall.]

But do thou, O Zeus, all-bestower, cloud-compeller,

Ruler of thunder! guard men from sad error.

Father! dispel the clouds of the soul, and let us follow

The laws of thy great and just reign!

That we may be honored, let us honor thee again,

Chanting thy great deeds, as is proper for mortals,

For nothing can be better for gods or men

Than to adore with hymns the Universal King!

CLEANTHES'

Translated by

Most glorious of all the undying, many-
Jove, author of Nature, applying to all
Hail! Hail! for it justly rejoices the races
To lift unto Thee their voices — the Author
For we are thy sons: Thou didst give us the
Alone of the mortal things that live, and
Wherefore Thou shalt find me extolling,
Since Thee the great Universe, rolling on
Obeys Thee, wherever Thou guidest, and
So great is the power Thou confidest, with
To Thy mighty, ministering servant, the
Two-edged, like a sword, and fervent, that
All nature, in fear and dismay, doth quake
What time Thou preparest the way for the
Which blends with lights smaller and greater
So great is Thy power and Thy Nature,

HYMN TO JOVE.

Thomas Davidson.

named, girt round with awe !
things the rudder of law —
whose life is a span
and Framer of Man.
symbols of speech at our birth,
move upon earth.
and ever singing Thy praise ;
its path 'round the world, obeys ;—
gladly is bound in Thy bands,
strong, invincible hands,
bolt of the thunder that flies,
is living, and never dies.
in the path of its stroke,
one Word Thy lips have spoke,
which pervadeth and thrilleth all things,
in the Universe Highest of Kings.

CLEANTHES' Hymn to Jove

On earth, of all deeds that are done, O God!
In the holy aether not one, nor one on the
Save the deeds that evil men, driven by
But things that have grown uneven are
And things unseemly grow seemly, the
For so good and evil supremely Thou hast
For all Thy decree is one ever — a word
Which mortals, rebellious, endeavor to flee
Ill-fated, that, worn with proneness for the
Neither hear nor behold, in its Oneness, the
Which men, with reason obeying, might
No longer aimlessly straying in the paths
There are men with a zeal unblest, that
And men, with a baser quest, that are
There are men, too, that pamper and
All these desire beyond measure to be
Great Jove, all-giver, dark-clouded, great
Deliver the men that are shrouded in
O Father, dispel from their souls the
Of Reason, Thy stay, when the whole wide
That we, being honored, may honor Thy
Extolling the deeds of the Donor, unceas-
Mankind; for no worthier trust is awarded
Than forever to glory with justice in the

there is none without Thee,
face of the sea;
their own blind folly, have planned,
made even again by Thy hand,
unfriendly are friendly to Thee;
blended in one by decree.
that endureth for aye,
from, and shun to obey —
lordship of goodly things,
law that divinity brings;
attain unto glorious life,
of ignoble strife.
are wearied with pursuit of fame,
turned to lucre and shame.
pleasure the flesh with delicate stings;
other than all these things.
Lord of the thunder-bolt's breath !
ignorance, dismal as death.
darkness, and grant them the light
world Thou rulest with might,
name with the music of hymns,
ing, as rightly beseems,
to God or to man
Law that endures, and is One.

CLEANTHES.

Cleanthes the Stoic was born at Assos in the Troas about B.C. 330, not very long after the age of Plato and Aristotle. He entered life as a boxer, and had only four drachmas of his own when he began to study philosophy. First he placed himself under Krates, and then under Zeno, whose disciple he continued to be for nineteen years. In order to support himself, he worked all night at drawing water from gardens; but as he spent all day in philosophical pursuits, and had no visible means of support, he was summoned before the Areopagus to account for his way of living. The judges were so delighted by the evidence of industry which he produced, that they voted him ten *minae*, though Zeno would not permit him to accept them. He was naturally slow, but his iron industry overcame all difficulties; and on the death of Zeno in 263, Cleanthes succeeded him in his school. He died about 220, at the age of eighty, of voluntary starvation.

His famous Hymn to Divinity has been translated into all languages, and will, to all time, remain a classic. The text here given is taken from the collection known as *Poetae Graeci Gnomici*, (B.G. Teubner, Leipzig), and not the *Anthology*, as Anthon erroneously states.

It would be pleasant to suppose that it was from this hymn that, as recorded in Acts xvii.28, Saint Paul, standing on the very spot where, two centuries before, Cleanthes had undergone so honorable an experience, had quoted when he cried: 'As certain also of your own poets have said, "For we are also His offspring."' Unfortunately, the words appear, *a trifle more exactly*, in the *Phainomena* of Aratos, and, less exactly in the sixth of the Nemean odes of Pindar. The sentiment must therefore have been a common property of the times. Nevertheless, Cleanthes' Hymn is, far more than these other writings, worthy of forming part of Holy Scripture, to which rank Paul's appeal to the authority of its sentiments may, in the estimation of some, raise it. In any case, none will be disposed to deny that it is inspired by the Beauty of Holiness.



Derzhavin's

Ode to

God.

LITERAL VERSION OF
DERZHAVIN'S ODE TO GOD

By NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

O Thou, infinite in space,
Living in the motions of matter,
Eternal in the course of time,
Without persons in the three persons of the Godhead!
Spirit everywhere permeating, and One,
Who hast no place or condition;
Unto whom no one can attain,
Who fillest all things with thyself,
Embracest, vivifiest, preservest,
Whom we call God.

To measure the ocean deep,
To count the sands, the planet's rays,
Might be in the power of lofty intellect,—
For thee there is no number and no measure;
Powerless are the enlightened spirits
Though born of thy light
To explore thy decrees.

So soon as thought dare mount towards thee
It vanishes in thy majesty,
As a passing instant in eternity.

Existence, forth from chaos, before time was,
Thou from the gulfs of Eternity didst call forth;
And Eternity, before the birth of the ages,
Thou didst found in thyself:
By thyself, self constituted,
Of thyself, self shining,
Thou art light, from whence light streamed.
Creating all things by thy single word,
In thy new creation stretching out
Thou wast, thou art, thou ever shalt be.

DERZHAVIN'S ODE TO GOD

Translated by Sir John Bowring.

O Thou eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide:
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with *Thyself* alone:
Embracing all, — supporting, — ruling o'er, —
Being whom we call God, — and know no more!

In its sublime search, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep, —
The sands, or the sun's rays; — but, God! for Thee
There is no weight or measure; — none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's bright spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence: — Lord! on Thee
Eternity had its foundation; — all
Sprang forth from Thee: — of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin: — all life, all beauty Thine;
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious! Great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thou containest in thyself the chain of beings,
Thou sustainest them, and givest them life,
Thou joinest together the end and the beginning,
Thou grantest life unto death.

As sparks are showered forth, and rush away
So suns are born from thee.

As on a bright, frosty winter's day
The spangles of hoar-frost sparkle,
So whirl, flash, shine
The stars in the gulfs beneath thee.

Millions of kindled luminaries
Flow through infinity;
Thy laws they operate,
Pour forth revivifying rays.
But these fiery lamps
Whether piles of ruddy crystals
Or a boiling throng of golden billows,
Others glowing
Or all alike worlds of light,
Are in thy presence as night before day.

Like a drop drowned in the sea
Is all the shining firmament before thee;
But what is the Universe that I see?
And what am I before thee?

If yon aerial ocean exist —

Millions of worlds,
Hundreds of millions of other worlds, and yet, —
When I venture to compare them with thee,
They are but a single dot,
And I in thy presence am naught.

Naught! But in me thou shinest
In the majesty of thy goodness;
In me thou reflectest thyself
As the sun in a tiny drop of water.

Naught! But life I feel,
Unsatisfied with aught, I soar
Ever aloft unto the heights;
My soul yearns to be thine,
Penetrates, meditates, thinks:
I am, therefore thou art also.

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds sprang forth from Thee.
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand
Wander, unwearied, through the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light,—
A glorious company of golden streams,—
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright,—
Suns lighting systems with Thy joyous beams?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost: —
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
What am *I* then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
Against Thy greatest, is a cipher brought
Against infinity! Oh! what am *I* then? Nought!
Nought! yet the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Nought! yet *I* live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards Thy presence; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell: aspiring high
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
I am, O God, and surely *Thou* must be!

Thou art ! the order of Nature proclaims it,
My heart tells me the same,
My reason persuades me;
Thou art, and I am therefore not nothing !
I am a part of the universal All,
Established, methinks, in the reverend
Midst of thy Universe,
Where thou hast ended thy corporeal creatures,
Where thou hast begun the heavenly spirits—
And the chain of all beings is linked to me.

I am a bond between all worlds everywhere existent,
I am the utmost limit of being;
I am the centre of living things,
The initial stroke of Divinity;
In my body I perish in dust corruptible,
In my spirit I command the storms ;
I am a tsar, I am a slave; I am a worm, I am God !
But marvelous indeed as I am,
Whence did I have my being ? Unknown—
But by myself I could not have been.

Thy work am I, Creator!
I am the creation of thy wisdom,
O Source of life, Dispenser of all good,
Soul of my soul, and Tsar!
It was necessary for thy righteousness
That the gulf of mortality should be spanned
By my immortal existence;
That my spirit should be wrapped in mortality,
And that through death I should return,
Father, to thy immortality.

Incomprehensible, ineffable,
I know that my soul's imagination is helpless
To paint even thy shadow;
But if it is necessary to sing thy praise,
Then it is impossible for feeble mortals
To reverence thee in any other way
Than by yearning toward thee
By losing one's self in thy endless variety,
And by shedding tears of gratitude.

Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding, then, to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land.

The chain of being is complete in me:
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next is spirit, — Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a god!
When came I here? and how so marvelously
Constructed and conceived? Unknown! — This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For, from itself, it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created *me!* Thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source, — to Thee, — its Author there.

Oh! thoughts ineffable! Oh! visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lonely thoughts can soar,
Thus seek Thy Presence, Being wise and good!
'Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

GABRIEL ROMANOVITCH DERZHAVIN

the distinguished Russian statesman and poet, author of this poem, was born at Kazan on July 3 (14), 1743, dying at Zyanko on July 9 (21), 1816. He was a prolific writer, his poems being published in seven volumes, published in 1776, 1798, 1804, 1808, 1831, 1833, and in 1864-1872. He wrote this poem in 1784, before the times of Napoleon.

Probably no modern poem has been so widely known; it has been published in German, English, Polish, Bohemian, Italian, Spanish, Latin; in French there are at least fifteen known versions, beside the one in prose made by the Russian poet Zhukovsky, while a pupil at Moscow University. It was translated even into Chinese and Japanese; it has been stated that it was printed in gold letters on white satin, and hung up in the palace of the Emperor of China; and Galowin tells it was placed in the same manner in the temple at Jeddo. It is a real modern scripture

Nothing, however, can adequately represent the splendid swing and movement of the Russian verse, with its mingled strength of vocalization. Some idea of the original may be gained from the following transcription of the first stanza:

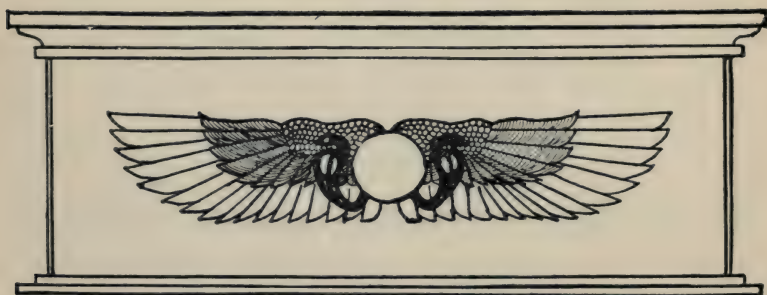
ODA BOGA (*Ode to God*).

O Tui, prastranstvom bezkonetchnui,
Zhivui v dvizhenyi veshchestva
Techenyem vremeni prevetchnui
Bez lits, v triokh litsakh Bozhestva
Dukh vsiudu sushchii i yedinui
Komunyet myesta i prichinui
Kovo nikto postitch nye mog,
Kto vsyo soboyu napolnyaet
Obyomlet, zizhdet, sokhranyaet,
Kovo mui nazuivaem — Bog!

On comparing Sir John Bowring's poem with the literal version, the reader will notice several departures from the original. These changes by Sir John were purposive, because it did not accord with his 'views of the perfection of the Deity.'



Wordsworth's Ode to Duty



WORDSWORTH'S ODE TO DUTY.

Stern daughter of the Voice of God !
O Duty, if that name thou love,
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove.
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe,
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail mortality.

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them : who in love and truth
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth.
Glad hearts, without reproach or blot,
Who do thy work and know it not;
Oh, if through confidence misplaced
They fail, Thy saving arms, dread Power, around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed,
Yet find that other strength, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried ;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust ;
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray ;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control ;
But in the quietness of thought :
Me this unchartered freedom tires ;
I feel the weight of chance desires :
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! Yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh
and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee : I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live.



Hymns
of the
Higher Pantheism
by
**Tennyson,
Symonds, and
Kipling.**

ALFRED TENNYSON,

THE HIGHER PANTHEISM.

The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills, and the plains,
Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?

Is not the Vision He? tho' He be not that which He seems?
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?

Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb,
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Him?

Dark is the world to thee: thyself art the reason why;
For is He not all but thou, that hast power to feel "I am I"?

Glory about thee, without thee; and thou fulfillest thy doom,
Making Him broken gleams, and a stifled splendor and gloom.

Speak to Him thou, for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit
can meet —

Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

God is law, say the wise; O Soul, and let us rejoice,
For if He thunder by law, the thunder is yet His voice.

Law is God, say some: no God at all, says the fool;
For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool;

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man
cannot see —

But if we could see and hear, this Vision — were it not He?

RUDYARD KIPLING

THE HEREAFTER.

When earth's last picture is painted,
And the tubes are twisted and dried;
When the oldest color has faded,
And the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest—and faith! we shall need it;
Lie down for an aeon or two
Till the Master of all Good Workmen
Shall set us to work anew.

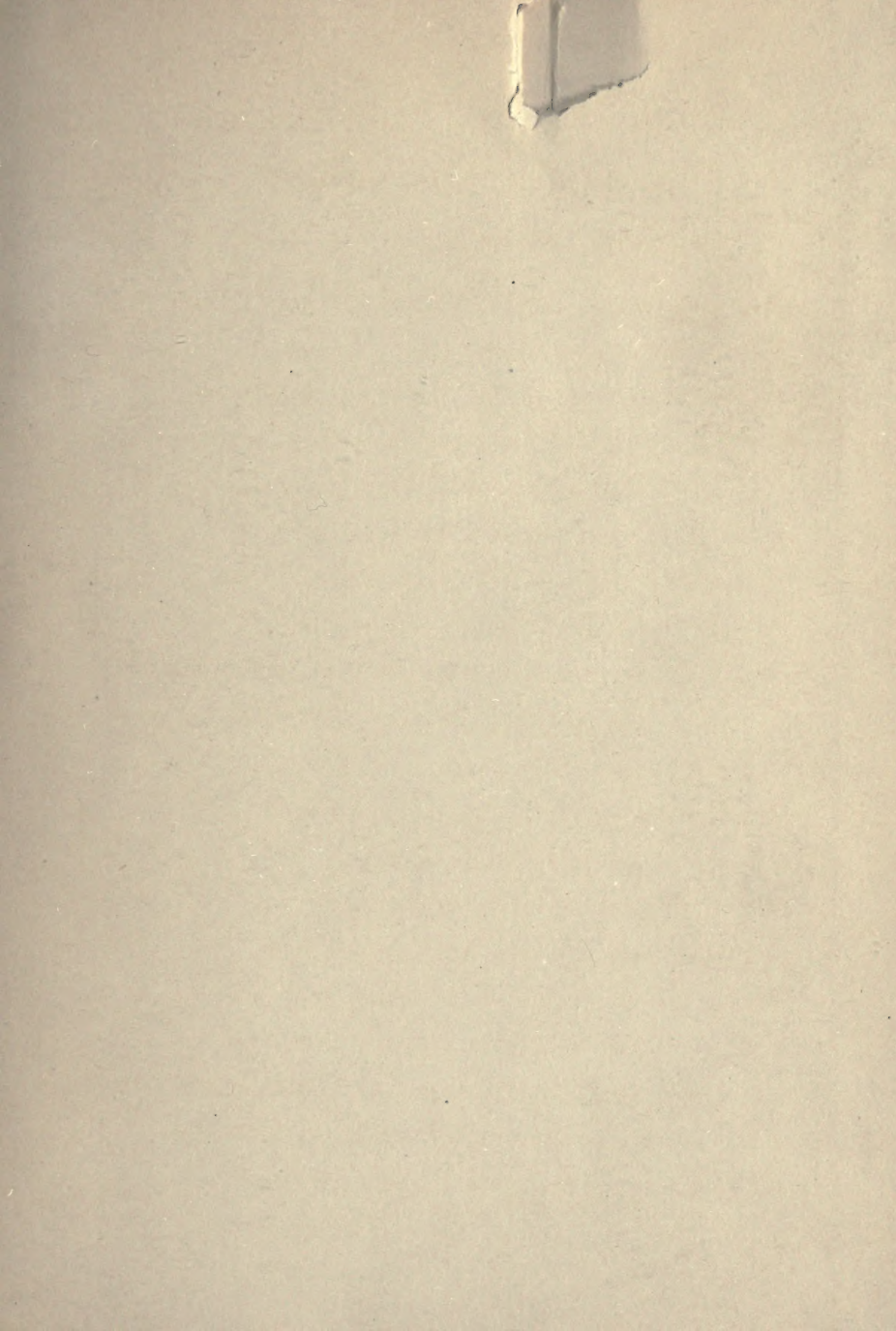
And those that were good shall be happy:
They shall sit in a golden chair,
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas
With brushes of comets' hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from,—
Magdalene, Peter and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting,
And never grow tired at all.

And only the Master shall praise us,
And only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money,
And no one shall work for fame :
But each for the joy of the working;
And each in his separate star
Shall draw the thing as he sees it
For the God of the Things as they are.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

Fragments from an Ode to the Divinity.

Him neither eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor reason seated in the souls of men,
Though pondering oft on the mysterious word
Hath e'er revealed his being to mortal ken.
Only we feel Him, and in aching dreams,
Swift intuitions, pangs of keen delight,
The sudden vision of His glory seems
To sear our souls, dividing the dull night,
And we yearn towards Him. Beauty, goodness, truth,
These three are one;—one life, one thought, one being;
One source of still rejuvenescent youth,
One light for endless and unclouded seeing.
O God, unknown, invisible, secure,
Whose being by dim resemblances we guess,
Who in man's fear and love abidest sure,
Whose power we feel in darkness, and confess,
Lead thou me, God, Law, Reason, Duty, Life—
All names for Thee alike are vain and hollow;
Lead me, for I will follow without strife;
Or, if I strive, still must I blindly follow.





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Guthrie, Kenneth Sylvan, ed.
Hymns to the Universal
Divinity

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